

The Eaton Democrat.

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OVER THE RIVER.

The hours creep by on a leaden-foot,
And all the day is long to me,
I find the bitter, sweet, and sweet,
Things are not as they used to be.
I'm lonely, living on this way,
When pass went to Canada.

Good food, I did not want to go,
He told me when he said good-by,
He had the books with him, and they
They could not find them should they try.
This in a hurried sort of way
You pass went to Canada.

His place is empty on the board,
At home we see his vacant chair;
As we, also, see his vacant chair,
Because a better home is there.
There is no place to go or stay,
Since pass went to Canada.

Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

BIAR'S BACKSLIDING.

Narrow Escape from General Woo
Because of It.

Biar Gillett-Tobiah, by baptism—
drove down the muddy road and stopped
at Stephen Finney's front gate. It was
Sunday afternoon, early spring.
The first thaw had set in; the snow
shone down warmly, and the roofs of
the houses and barns and the few dirty
drifts of snow in the fence corners ap-
peared dazlingly bright beneath it.
The wheels of Biar's two-seated buggy
dripped with mud, and the tall, red
horse was well splattered. Stephen
Finney's place was severely neat in all
particulars. The square house was
wingsless; the yard was undecked,
save for an evergreen bush set with
geometrical precision on each side of
the walk, and an elliptical flower bed
whose barrenness was atoned for by the
large pink sea-shells which bordered it;
the green parterre in the front
windows were rolled up as neatly as
possible to the same point, and gave a
glimpse of chair backs set close against
the wall. The door opened before Biar
could alight, and a girl came out. She
was a red-headed, well-proportioned
girl, with a black alpaca dress, and she
came down the walk with a stiffness
which indicated a consciousness of
being dressed up. Her thin, freckled
face wore a pleasant look.

"Good afternoon, Louise," said
Biar.
"Good afternoon," the girl responded.
"I was all ready, and I thought
there wasn't no need of your getting
out and coming in."
She climbed into the buggy unassisted,
and sat down on the front seat be-
side the long-legged, light-haired, blue-
stockinged man. The mud splashed upon
her as they started away. But Biar was
"keeping company" with Louise Finney,
and it had not entered her head to com-
mit the usual Sunday afternoon drive be-
cause the going was bad. Neither were they
disturbed by the lack of a single buggy.
The two-seated one was all that Biar
possessed, except a lumbering horse-drawn
carriage which he had never used, and
which would not have stopped at that if
it had been a count on their going.

"I should think this was first-rate su-
per weather," said Louise, as they jog-
ged along.

"You ain't tapped yet, I s'pose?"
"We're going up to the sugar-bush
tomorrow if this warm spell hangs on,"
Biar responded.

They drove on silently after that.
Neither was much of a talker, and it
did not occur to him to talk for the sake
of breaking the pause. They often rode
for miles without speaking, and without
embarrassment from the silence. Biar
flicked the horse occasionally with the
frayed tip of the whip; Louise sat
quiet, her plain face lighted with a sim-
ple content.

"Mia Baldwin's got a visitor," she
said as they came in sight of a long,
yellow-painted house. "She's got her
cousin from over in Dodsonville; Biar
Sawyer's her name. He's a lawyer, and
he's come from home and she's staying to
Mia Baldwin's while they're gone. I
was down to Mia Baldwin's yesterday
and she introduced me. She's a real
lively-acting gal."

"Is that her?" said Biar.
He was gazing admiringly at a young
girl who was standing at the Baldwin's
front gate. She was fifteen at the most,
but she was tall and plump, and there
was a marked pretension to style and
grace in her blue, silk-trimmed dress,
her white beads and the ribbon on top
of her head. She was pretty, too, from
a rural standpoint; she had dark, sharp
blue eyes and a profusion of light
curls, which fell about her round face in
the manner of an old-fashioned china
doll.

"Ho d' do, Miss Finney?" she called
out.
Biar was staring at her broadly, and
she gave him a pert little nod. He
turned to look back at her as they drove
on, and she returned his gaze by a
shaking back her curls jauntily and
swinging her head on the gate.

"She's a pretty good-looking," said
Biar; but that was a feeble expression
of the admiration with which Miss
Mandy Sawyer's feebly charms had
overpowered him.

Biar generally dropped in at Stephen
Finney's two or three evenings a week;
it was a necessary part of keeping com-
pany. That week he had come alone,
Louise put on her black alpaca every
evening, and took it off at 7:30. Biar
never came after 7:30, and he never
saw a need of keeping it on after that
time and wearing it out.

"I don't know why he did not come, but she
had full trust in him and his non-appearance
did not arouse her suspicions. Lyman
Baker came in toward the end of
the week with a piece of news.

Lyman Baker had been mildly atten-
tive to Louise before Biar Gillett's suc-
cess. He had not admitted her, but he
tactfully he flattered himself that he saw
one; but he had established an enviable
reputation as a lady's man, and to keep
it unimpaired it was necessary that
there should be no girl in the neighbor-
hood who had not "gone with" him. He
had bestowed his preference on Tilly
Dillingham, and he was leaving Tilly
severely alone at present; and he had
the had "other company" when he had
invited her to the last society. He was
a short, bony young man, with small
dark eyes and a prominent tooth. He
had clerked for a month or so in a shoe
store in the nearest town, and his met-
ropolitan experience showed itself in his
spotted cravat and his coldish cuff-bands.

"There's a smashing girl down to
Baldwin's," was Lyman's opening re-
mark. It was a term which had been
frequently repeated at the shoe-store.
Stephen Finney, his wife, and the
"third girl" were in the sitting-room.

If it had been Biar they would have re-
fused to the back part of the house, be-
cause Biar was "steady company," and
steady company was never infringed
upon by the family in general.

"I met her and Biar Gillett out walk-
ing just now," Lyman pursued. "They
said they're going together." Her thin
cheeks grew hot, and then colorless.
Stephen Finney and his wife, and the
third girl looked at her anxiously, and
the former, addressing a remark to Ly-
man Baker concerning the working out
of taxes on the road. He, himself, was
red-headed, and he didn't calculate to

have any shirking this season. Louise
sat silently and heard that Biar
alpaca—Lyman had come before 7:30—
and saying nothing. But when he fi-
nally got up to go, she rose also.

"Be you certain it was him?" she
said.
"Who?" said the young man.
"That I met walking with that girl
that's to Baldwin's? Oh, land, yes,"
Lyman responded.

The third girl looked sharply at
Louise when she stood without moving
after Lyman had gone. She was not a
cook nor a servant—she would have re-
sented being called such; she was a
"third girl." She was on equal terms
with the family; she ate at the same
table, occupied the sitting-room when
not engaged in the kitchen, and entered
into the family discussions.

"I declare for Louise," she said with
sympathizing asperity; "if I'd take on
to worry. Biar Gillett ain't the only
feller in the world—great spindle-legged
thing!"

Louise only looked at her silently. It
was beyond her power not to worry; it
was beyond her power to be any thing
but utterly lost and miserable under her
great calamity; and she was too simple
and honest to pretend to any thing else.

She had never thought much about her
feelings toward Biar Gillett, but now
she realized fully that the pale-haired,
solemn-faced young man was in some
way necessary to her only happiness,
and that now it was probable she had
lost him. She did not give up all hope,
however. She had a faint hope that he
would come back, and she was now
watching for him in the front
window. She could not believe that he
would leave her, and she was now
two-seated buggy coming down the
road, with Biar's lank form on the
front seat, the dull weight at her heart
lifted, and left her in a joyful glow.

The door had opened and Biar Gillett
had walked in, alone. His face took
on a darker tinge as he met the eyes of
the young woman who sat in the front
seat. He sat down in the nearest seat,
fingering the rim of his hat. Louise
Pinney gave a gasp. Her face grew
white and she pressed her hands tightly
together under her shawl to stop her
trembling. He alone; she was not with
him; she had not come. That was
all she was conscious of.

She sat staring across at him;
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BLAINE STILL "BOSS."

The Fine Tree State Politician Has His
Grip Yet on the Party—His Party,
However, No Country's Interest.

According to our Washington dis-
patches, some significance is attached
to the organization of the Republican
Congressional Campaign Committee
on what is regarded as a Blaine basis.
The selections of Congressman Goff as
chairman and Edward McPherson as
secretary are looked upon as directly
to the interest of the Blaine candi-
date.

These appointments are supposed to
keep alive the Blaine sentiment
throughout the country. Of course,
the avowed object of the latter move-
ment is the nomination of the Maine
senator as President.

The Republican Party is not a
candidate two years hence. The gos-
sip on the subject is an interesting
contribution to current political dis-
cussion, and makes a timely and
suggestive analysis. Moreover, it
bears the unmistakable stamp of truth
and indicates correctly the present
condition and tendencies of the Re-
publican organization in the Nation.

Whatever may be thought of Mr.
Blaine either by critics or adherents,
his right to the party can neither be
ignored nor denied. He is a stand-
ards-day he is, even in nominal
retirement, the most conspicuous Re-
publican in the country. Out of office
he is a more potent factor than when
in office. He is a more potent factor
than any representative of the
minority who occupies official station.

His position is a unique one, and
adhesion of a large body of followers
in every State of the Union. The nu-
merous body of partisans of his train
do not necessarily represent the origi-
nal Republican Party. The original
party was a United States party. It
of that element much of the best has
already passed over to the Democracy.

A section not so large but still influ-
ential in the party, and which is con-
tinued to the Presidential aspirations
of Mr. Blaine. Nevertheless, what re-
mains of the old party stands firmly
committed to his fortunes and looks
upon him as the only hope of the
Republican Party.

He is a more potent factor than any
representative of the minority who
occupies official station. His position
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THE NEW SITUATION.

The People Are Not Calling for Repub-
licanism to Stay Alarming Extent.

A Republicanism to Stay Alarming Extent.
However, No Country's Interest.

What was this "old situation"? It is
well to recall it before accepting the
assumption that it was something
which would be desirable to restore.
The old situation must have been bad,
or the people would not have decided
to change it.

The new situation is a new situation.
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A CHINESE CITY.

Street Scenes in the Commercial Metropolis
of the Celestial Empire.

The streets of Canton are unique in
their way, and as picturesque as the
Cairo bazaar. The winding alleys,
barely six feet wide, are paved with
blocks of granite, and have been built
without regard to regularity or uni-
formity, striking off into and running
away from each other at the most un-
expected junctures.

Canton is a city of shops, and over-
head are suspended thousands of long,
narrow signboards, on which are inscribed, in
black, green, black, white or brown Chi-
nese characters, the names of owners
and their trades.

These shops give the street a very
showy aspect, and make a long vista
of gaudy coloring, under which
swarm the two and a half millions of
inhabitants, surging through the
narrow avenues in every way that
makes one wonder that half of them
are not trampled under foot.

"As we were borne aloft in state in
the midst of this dense throng," says
a lady who recently visited the city, "our
approach heralded by the loud cries of
our coolie-bearers bidding the natives
make way, and responded to by the
peculiar shrill shrieks of the people
consequently being hurried out of the
way, I had ample opportunity of ob-
serving my novel surroundings, as
varied and shifting as the combinations
of kaleidoscope, and far more enter-
taining."

"We saw," she says, "magnificently
decorated, we entered the new city
by an arched gateway, and saw
high black walls, each side lined
with stalls of fruit and sweetmeats,
and more important shops of the rich
and aristocracy, and far more enter-
taining."

Usually one story is completely open to
the roof during the day time, showing a
gorgeous background of richly carved
and gilt wood work, behind which
were ranged the most varied of the
warehouse and dwelling. Here are to
be seen all the specialties of Canton,
each trade or business in its own street
or locality.

On the right, a rich embroidery on
satin, silk brocade, all hand-work
(nothing in China is machine-made),
carved black furniture, the finest ivory
carving in the world, featuring the
stark, grotesque and fantastic, and
work in a dozen other directions that
would have bewildered a house-furnish-
ing English or American aesthete.

The cheap shops, with their bare
stalls, and their wares, were as interest-
ing as the most luxurious. They con-
tained lanterns, clocks, mirrors,
bamboo beds and baskets, marble
slabs, shoes, gags, spectacles, artificial
flowers, beads, tobacco, and all the
trifles of daily life, and were as interest-
ing as the most luxurious.

The Chinese New Year, the 18th of
February. At the end of each street
is usually a small joss-altar, and
always a heavy wooden gateway.

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